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BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1861.

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Which have been most successfully used in my own practice throughout Vermont and New England for several years, are now offered TO THE PUBLIC, for the relief of all diseases incident to

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Hotel Keepers, Livery Stable Keepers, Horse Buyers, stage men, carriers, and farmers in every section, are assured of the success that has attended the use of these medicines whenever I have used them, and I now offer them at a discount, that they will prove the "needful remedy" for all horse and cattle owners' use.

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For Coughs, heaves or Broken wind.

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Will cure Sore Throats and Horse Distemper, swelled necks, old sores, bruises, sprains, cramps, and lameness of every description, in the shortest possible time.

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NEVER FAILS! NEVER FAILS!

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You Know what they will do,
and to all who have HORSES and CATTLE in their care you have only to give them a single trial to be fully convinced that they are

THE BEST REMEDIES

Ever sold in Vermont.

Sell directions with each package.

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Has stood the test of a

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For it always cures.

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And this is the universal relief of people who use it. As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for sudden Colds, for Children, and for aged people who cough and are kept awake at night, we do verily believe there is not so

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in the land, when such men as Dr. Clark, Dr. Bigelow, Hon. E. P. Walton, Dr. Smith, Dr. Bailey, Hon. D. P. Thompson, Capt. Jewett, Dr. C. W. Stiles, Ellis & Hatch, give the highest recommendations for its use weak

WHO CAN DOUBT IT!

FATHER HOBART,

The Oldest Minister in New England,

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You can run no risk, for every bottle is

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Montpelier, Vt.

Miscellany.

How a Soul may Return to God.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

"How shall I find the way back to God? was the inquiry of a backslidden professor; "it seems so hard. I have no confidence in myself, and very little in anything else; there is nothing but doubts and darkness—worse, a thousandfold, than before I knew anything of religion." How shall you go back? Just the way you went to Him at first, only in deeper humiliation, inasmuch as your sin is aggravated and fearful. Let me tell you of a backslider in heart, who was "filled with her own ways"—a true history; and how she found peace at last.

Mrs. Ryan had been a professor of religion for many years—that is, she had, when scarcely out of childhood, been seriously impressed with thoughts of God and duty, had believed she was a sinner, and was willing to accept God's terms of forgiveness. And then to do what she supposed was an especial duty, she stood up, with others, in the public congregation, and avowed her determination to renounce the world and live truly and humbly a Christian life. For a time, the young girl walked reverently and carefully before God trying to obey the exactions of conscience, and supposing that as she was commanded to love God with all her heart, so there was in her some latent power to fulfil all the law. But she had not learned to depend upon God for strength instead of her own resolutions and efforts; she became discouraged by repeated failures; and when the temptations and allurements of ambition gathered around her, she grew remiss by degrees, and at last ceased altogether from prayer and watchfulness, and lived only in the pursuits and pleasures that belong to the present life. And thus years passed away until youth was gone and the chastener's hand was laid heavily on her hopes and on her heart. But in that time she had learned to doubt the genuineness of the Christian belief; she doubted the power, and sometimes the truth of religion; she put the thought of Christ far away, and said in her heart, "I have no wish or need of thee." And so when trial and suffering changed the features of her outward life, and wrought also their great transformation in her inner being, there was no comforter, no retreat in any sorrow, no place of rest for her sick and weary heart.

After a time, she began to be in want; the illusions that had cheated her so long were all gone, and her soul seemed to stand desolate and barren, and to cry out, "Who will show me any good?" At first she refused to believe that God was the want of her soul, tho' there was something like an inner voice continually responding to the command, "Give me thine heart." She reasoned and caviled, and tried to persuade the voice to be still; but in spite of all there grew upon her the conviction that she was wrong—all wrong—and the sense of want grew more urgent and pressing, until she became sad and restless with the feeling that God only was what she must have.

At length, she made a promise to remember her obligations to God, and attempted to commence the work of self-conversion. It was a hard work; all the doubts she had ever known came back, and what appeared to be the reason contested every step she took. Of course, the first duty was to pray; but where to find God seemed a most difficult and hopeless thing. She had long thought of him as the most grand, sublime Idea in the universe, at an infinite distance from her own being.—Her personal relations to Him she had considered very indefinite, and now there was no tangible thing—no God to whom in her necessity she could speak. The idea of faith seemed to be wholly lost; she could find no explanation of the term that was anything to her case. For a time she could only pray by reasoning in this way: "I believe there is a God, and he has told me to pray. I do not know how to find him, but I know he sees my heart, and to be true to his own word he must hear me when I speak." One day, while in this state of mind, she retired to her closet, but no form of prayer would answer the need of her heart. She took the Bible, and as God would have it she opened to those words of Christ: "If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine." "This," thought she, "is just what I want. I will ask God to show me what is true of himself and of my relation to him; here is his word, and as he is true he will do it."

And God did keep the promise, and in His providence placed in her hands such books as showed her the way, the truth, and the life. The first that came in her way was a volume of sermons called "The Way of Salvation." The title attracted her at once, as being of all others the subject she wanted to understand. She read eagerly, and the precious truths were accepted in her heart.—All the old doubt and unbelief vanished, and she passed from chapter to chapter, and as she felt that she was justified by faith in our

Lord Jesus Christ. Oh how new, how wonderful, how delightful were the doctrines Christ had promised those should know who were willing to do His will! She longed to tell others what she had found—what an infinite beauty had been revealed to her in Christ! And do you ask how the light broke in upon her darkness? It was by laying down all her reasonings—throwing aside all her prejudices—divesting herself, as it appeared to her, of every former idea, and asking God, as simply as a little child asks a favor of its mother, to show her what is true. That simple asking was the very faith that had so puzzled her; but when she submitted herself to be taught and led, she found her pathway opened into light.

But she did not rest satisfied at this point; she asked for more light, for a continual guidance in the path of light; and especially did she pray that she might be made like Christ in all her daily life. And with the prayer came the thought of what she must do to be like Christ—unselfish, loving, self-denying, even as he was. "What shall I do to prove my love for Christ?" was next the daily question. It was easily answered toward her family and friends, and concerning the keeping of her own heart; but in seeking thus to learn of Christ she found there was much in her heart to be corrected before she could bear his spiritual likeness. There were points of character, of taste, and of prejudice to be met and overcome; points of self-weakness and self-strength against which she had before stumbled and fallen from her best resolutions to be right. They had made the heaviest crosses for her girlhood, and she felt now that she could not go back to duty and to God except by the straight path where the crosses lay. One of these consisted in speaking to others of personal religion, and she resolved not to falter where opportunity offered a plain duty to her heart. The true convert can never fold his hands and hold the treasure of his new joy, and Mrs. Ryan looked around her for some one to whom she could talk of the wondrous Christ. But all seemed wiser in that knowledge than she—all but one, "If you want to do good, is there not a heathen at your fireside?" was whispered to her heart. Among her thousand old dislikes, the idea of trying to convert people was an especial aversion. M. was unlovely and repulsive; how could she come so near as to teach and win her to better things? The thought was unworthy of a Christian, but her proud nature was humbled to do so simple and common a duty only after much prayer and earnest efforts to overcome. But she did conquer, and learned to love the duty for the sake of One who had been infinitely patient with her own waywardness.—One day M. asked with tears, if her mistress would pray with her; there was another of her great aversions; but she did not stop to consider the point—to think whether or not she was proselyting anybody, but she knelt simply in the same spot where months before she had caught the first ray of light herself, and implored divine mercy for that other soul. It was a whole-hearted, unreserved prayer, and when she arose from her knees, the last aversion was swept away. Mrs. Ryan was a converted woman. She had at length found the way back to God in submitting to be taught by His spirit, and in doing what love prompted for His sake. The way need not have been so hard and long, only that her proud, unbelieving spirit resisted at every point. With submission came faith, and peace, and quiet joy. And for you, backsliding friend, there is but one reply. Go in simplicity and earnestness, asking once more the help of God's grieving and slighted Spirit, and take up the simple, faithful life of a disciple, and you will find how God will meet you and bring you back to Himself.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN CAMP.—Rev. G. Haven, chaplain of the 8th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, refers pleasantly to the religious condition of the camp, as follows:

"I am happy to say that the practice to which I have referred in one or two of my letters has very sensibly diminished. In some of the tents are found the words, 'No swearing allowed here;' in others a scrap cut out of the Good News, entitled, 'Don't swear,' is pinned up. I am in hopes that we shall be entirely delivered from that curse. Our meetings are well attended and much liked. Last night Bro. J. M. McCarter of the Philadelphia Conference was with us at a little prayer-meeting, and gave the soldiers much encouraging and instructive advice. He is to be chaplain of the 14th Pennsylvania Regiment, under Col. Johnson. Bro. Dadmun's melodious make melody throughout the camp, and the boys coming and looking in the door of our tent, as they are being sung by our many good singers, gives a very familiar look to the scene."

There are now no Cadets at West Point from the Confederate States, the last two having resigned last week.

The Evening in Camp.

Rev. G. Haven, Chaplain of the Massachusetts Regiment stationed at the Relay House, says:

"I have referred to the sounds of the Camp. These are most interesting in the evening. The toilsome drill of the day is done: the warrior's arms are laid aside, and the lightsome gayety of youth and hope has full play. This charming June night, with the moon throwing her silver mantle over the white roofs of our village, brings out in full force the various expressions of this hilarity. Here is a knot singing patriotic songs more lustily than any concert choir can; for these, with the spirit and with the understanding also. They weigh well, when they sing them, the full meaning of the warlike resolves, and they mean far more than their lips can speak as they sing.

"The star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

And then they glide into the sweet and tender strains that they learned from the lips of sisters and sweethearts in the far-off homes. Then they trip easily away into the lively airs of our social meetings, and make the camp ring with "O that will be joyful," or flow sweetly and sacredly with the more touching melodies that spring from the exhaustless fountain of Methodist song.

Mingling with these you hear the loud discussion or the louder laugh coming from other tents. Sometimes a general outside amusement draws all lesser noises and circles to itself. The elephant moves through the camp as he does through the spacious parlors of summer hotels, carefully covered with a soldier's blanket; or the execution of Jeff Davis diversifies the evening exercises. On a broad platform, borne by six men, is a culprit kneeling with a rope round his neck, and the executioner standing beside him holding the rope, and having in his hand an ax.—Here are cozy conversations by loungers buried in the straw, and there busy pens pouring out for distant eyes the intense loves and longings of the soldier's heart.

Some move the hours till about ten o'clock, when the "tattoo" sounds and the varied file gradually die away. So that when the taps are touched, half an hour later, the great host is dreaming the soldier's dream.

Educate our Young Men.

The New England Education Society of our Church held its annual meeting last week at the Broomfield St. Church, in Boston.—The meeting is reported in the Boston Journal as follows:

"The society was organized in 1856, since when it has educated thirty-nine young men for the ministry. Of these seventeen have joined Methodist Conferences, and two have gone abroad as missionaries.

There are now more applications for the aid of the society than can be supplied, unless the contributions be increased.

Rev. Mr. Twombly was introduced, and after a few humorous reflections on the sparseness of his auditory, appealed to those present in behalf of the young men who are struggling for an education.

He drew a vivid picture of the hardships which beset the poor student, of clerical aspirations. When such a young man has surmounted the trials and difficulties which stood in his way, he is ready—to die of a broken constitution.

These young men should be helped. The speaker would not beg for them as mendicants, but would demand aid for them as worthy the assistance demanded.

Some say, let the young men go direct to the pulpit without studying. But the people won't have it. It would do under the old circuit system. But where is the old circuit system? It is gone. The people won't have it.

The fact is, the people demand an educated ministry. Well, then, we fall back upon the people, and demand from them the means to provide an educated ministry. This denomination is destined to become the literary and intellectual denomination of this nation. But the people must give us money.

Dr. Cook and others made remarks in behalf of the Education Society, and the meeting was closed with the benediction.

MAKE HOME PLEASANT.—There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his grandchildren in his study. One day one of these children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking of heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Don't want to go to heaven my son?" "Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?" "Why, yes, I hope he will." "Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, 'whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for? I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going to be there!'"

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—Saturday morning, June 1, Rev. R. S. Maclay and family, and Rev. N. Sites and wife left the port of New York in the Kathay, Capt. Stoddard, for China. It was pleasant to witness the interest taken in the departure of these servants of the Church by a large company of our ministers and laymen with their families, who had assembled on the wharf to bid them farewell. Precisely at the time, (9 o'clock,) the steamers came alongside and took the fine ship out of her berth—quite a company of friends going down the Bay with her to enjoy, as long as might be, the society of the departing missionaries. Ours were not the only ones on board. The Rev. E. Doty and Rev. L. W. Kipp, jr., of the Reformed Dutch Board, destined for Amoy; Rev. James H. Ballagh and wife, for Japan; and Rev. Samuel Dodd, for Ningpo, were also passengers in this ship. Among those who made up the company that went down the Bay we noticed Rev. Drs. Porter, Foster, Nadal, Miley, Crawford, and Lindsay, Hon. M. F. Odell, and several ladies—Mrs. Dr. Carlton, the daughters of Dr. Miley, Mrs. Harriet, and others. After getting into the Bay there was a gathering of the people under the direction of Dr. Foster, who called upon Br. Odell to lead us in singing, which was followed by prayer from one of the world-wide known brothers Seudder, now in this country for the improvement of his health. Uniting again in singing "The Common Mercy-seat," and finding it too on that quarter-deck, Bro. Doty was called out, and made an expression of his views of the calling and work of a missionary, and gave some touching accounts of converts whom he knew as brought to Christ in Amoy. All who heard Br. Doty felt a persuasion that his Church had in him a precious missionary. At the conclusion of his address, as we got notice from the captain and pilot that we might have another meeting, we adjourned by invitation of the captain to the well-spread table of his cabin. Again after dinner, Dr. Foster called us to order on the quarter-deck, and we were addressed successively by Mrs. Maclay, Seudder, Ballagh, Sites, Dodd, and Kipp, the addresses being interspersed with singing, after which Br. Crawford was called on to address our farewell to the missionaries; and then "Blest be the tie which binds" was sung with as much tenderness, we dare believe, as was ever before known; the benediction followed by Dr. Porter, and leave-taking commenced—for we had to part. Of course it was as all other similar occasions have been—a parting with the expectation of meeting again where we shall part no more! We ought not to conclude an account of this affair without a reference to the beauty of the ship, and admirable order of her officers and men, together with the most generous and gentlemanly bearing of the captain and pilot, and the lively interest they themselves seemed to take in our farewell exercises.

THEY ARE GONE.—Friday morning, May 31, at 6 o'clock, a little company of Christian ministers and laymen were gathered together in the cabin of the noble ship Eloisa, Capt. Slater, then lying at the wharf in Boston ready to put to sea direct for Calcutta, India. That little company was never to meet again on earth, for three of them were about to depart to the missions in India. Rev. J. T. Gracey, of the Philadelphia Conference, wife and infant were to join the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the North West Province, and Miss Sadie Wigfall was to join the mission of the Presbyterian Church at Lodianna, in the Punjab. We lifted up our voices together in prayer, and commended these missionaries to God, who ruleth the winds and the waves, and then bade them farewell. Others are under appointment to follow in the autumn. Thus does the Church hold on her way amid wars and rumors of wars, accomplishing her great work of converting the world.

PREACH BOLDLY.—I have said, "Preach plainly, and preach earnestly." I now say, Preach with moral courage. Fear no man, high or low, rich or poor, taught or untaught. Honor all men, but fear none. Speak what you account great truths frankly, strongly, boldly. Do not spoil them of life to avoid offence. Do not seek to propitiate passion by compromise and concession. Beware of sophistry, which reconciles the conscience to the oppression, or vague, lifeless utterance of unpopular truths. Do not wink at wrong deeds or unholy prejudices, because sheltered by custom or respected names. Let your words breathe heroic valor. You are bound, indeed, to listen calmly and respectfully to whatever objections may be urged against your views of truth and duty. You must also take heed lest you baptize your rash, crude notions, your hereditary or sectarian opinions with the name of Christian doctrine. But having deliberately conscientiously sought the truth, abide by your convictions at all hazards.—Dr. E. W. Channing.